

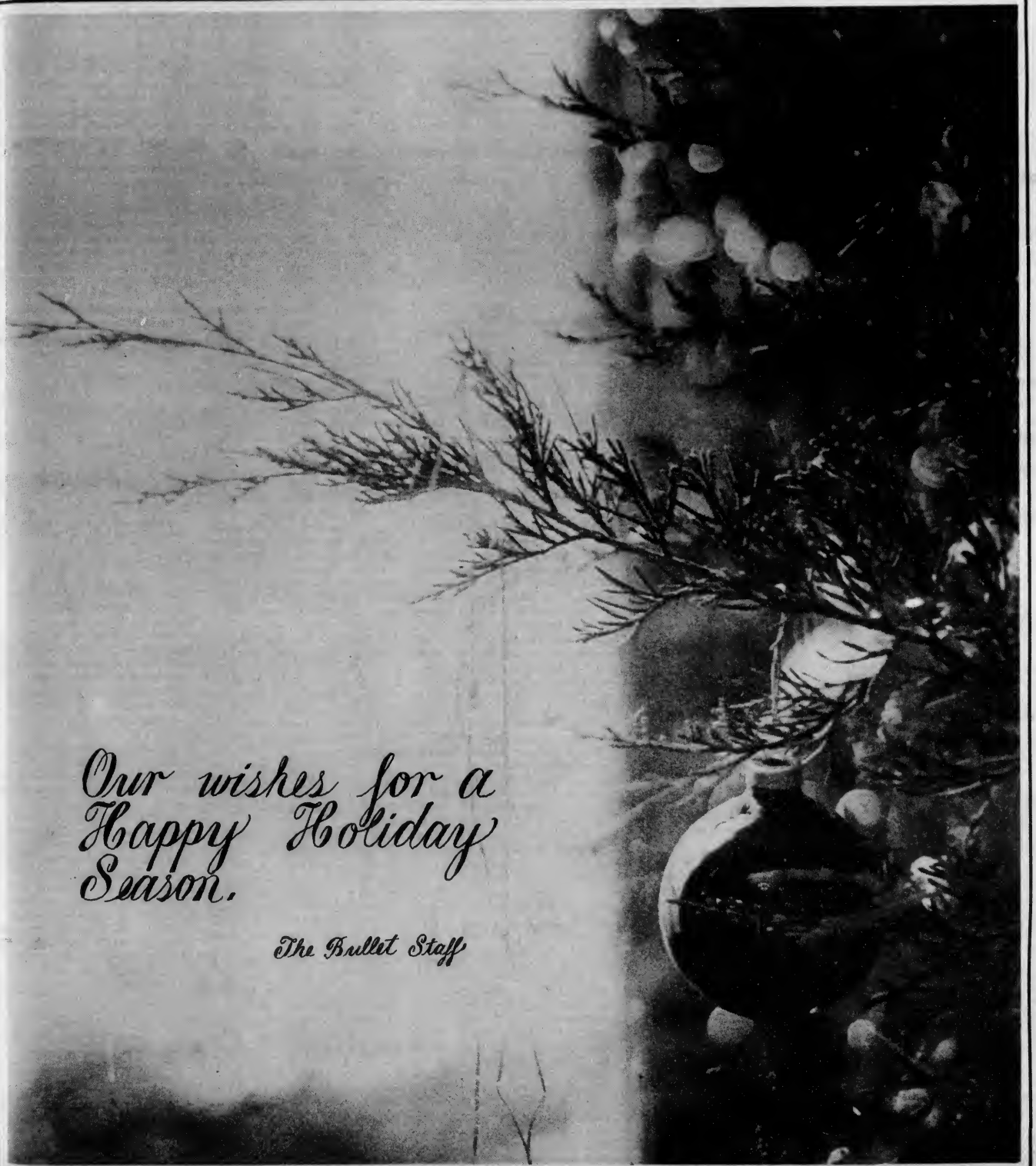
The Bullet

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Mary Washington College's Weekly News Magazine

Vol. 57 No. 10



*Our wishes for a
Happy Holiday
Season.*

The Bullet Staff

Editorial

Holiday Drinking

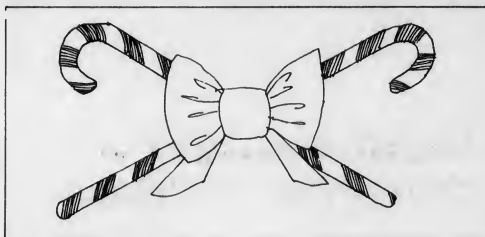
The holidays are finally in sight. In a few weeks, all night study sessions will be a memory and most of us will be at home happily decorating trees and drinking eggnog. But if this year's figures repeat last years, many families in the U.S. will have holidays of grief. During last year's holiday season, thousands were killed in accidents caused by drunk driving.

We are not pretending to tell you anything new. With Alcohol Awareness Week in November and proclamations of similar weeks in December by Governor Robb and President Reagan, we are bombarded with statistics. But we at *The Bullet* would rather warn you one more time than ignore the truth.

The truth is that if you are on the highways at all in December, no matter what hour or day, you will be among drunk drivers. The social season starts early with office parties and charity functions. Soon schools close, travel begins and families reunite. Those without families spend their time alone, often in bars. Then comes the finale: New Year's Eve.

The drunk drivers of December are young and old, male and female. Many do not drink at other times during the year and are not aware of just how drunk they are. The cars they drive are full of family and friends. Entire families are often wiped out in one head-on collision.

So what can you do about it? You can decide, before the party starts, who drinks and who drives. And if you drive, you can constantly be aware of other drivers who will be this year's statistics. Have a safe and happy holiday.



The Bullet

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The Bullet is published every Tuesday during the regular session of the college. The Board of Publications and Broadcasting acts as publisher. *The Bullet* is printed in the offices of The Free Lance Star.

Editorial and business offices are located in Lee Hall, Room 303, extension 4393. Deadline for letters to the editor is the Thursday prior to the publication date.

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To the Editor,

"You made me promises, promises..."-Yes! This is Westmoreland Hall's new theme song-While all other halls seem to be getting their wishes granted, we are getting more promises...

We were promised on the first day of classes this year that our furniture, drapes, and lamps would be arriving-well-only one-half of the semester elapsed before we were able to see that promise materialize...My mistake!! We have yet to receive drapes, lamps, or tables for the lamps-in such a traditional school can you believe we have no drapes in our lobby? The pigstye of MWC doesn't deserve anything decent...is that the attitude? I believe we are safe in saying we are the only Residence Hall on campus with no drapes in our lobby-and where did our old furniture go? Not in our empty study rooms or our large basement-no, that would make too much sense! It was handed down to another dorm-We feel someone didn't look at the checkbook balance before they made this promise...

Another promise made last year was that MWC would have an interior decorator re-do our T.V. lounge. Where on earth(?) did she go to school? Her idea of re-doing our

room was to paint one wall and the ceiling pipes pink-a pink, mind you, that clashes terribly with our orange and brown crate furniture...

And, residents, I bet you've often wondered where our ping-pong table walked to? Well...open those doors of Custis and you'll find it-MAYBE they'll let us rent a "court" occasionally, huh?

Our lovely study rooms...yes quite an atmosphere for higher learning-no lamps? Who minds? Most college students read in the dark...we have great night vision-just like those felines...

And don't you love our famed trunk "room". Yes, it's a room! It has trunks in it and no way to lock them up! We can't lock the 2 doors leading in and out of it because residents on one side of the Hall could no longer get to the T.V. room, or kitchen without having to go all the way to the other side...

Speaking of our kitchen...its great-a candy machine with all of 6(?) selections-and such great selections too! And of our oven...our cakes are either charcoal-broiled or the consistency of jello-brand pudding! So what if we had to cook our boyfriend a cake in that oven-he loves "spoonbread." Mmmmmmmmmmm!

One last issue that really irks us is maintenance requests being taken

care of so promptly, huh!! Our R.D. does turn them in and is even organized enough to have them xeroxed so she can have a record of what and when things were reported...So, *que es problema?* Somewhere someone is not doing the job-we have things as leaks, and broken tables, non-workable transoms, etc. that were reported by the R.A.'s and the R.D. from Day 1 of classes...and after paying only \$700.00/semester these things, broken and non-functional, still remain with us-soon the residents may begin to plead with people not to take them away..."No, no! Please, I love my broken chair-I've learned to straddle the crack and can now even avoid it pinching me! Please don't repossess it!!"

Please remember when making promises to keep them-we feel neglected and left out sometimes-either promise it to us and give it or **DON'T PROMISE IT!** Remember that there are 113 girls that are paying room (and board) to help keep this college in operation and they happen to be the RESIDENTS OF WESTMORELAND HALL...

Thanks,

Westmoreland Hall Clan

Probing Ontology

To the Editor,

It makes no difference whether I am engaged in writing, thinking, or engrossed in the dream of acquiring a college education. I am very much of late aware of my sensitivity, my ontology. And it has been through this awareness of mine that I have been made aware of pain as if dropped in the stomach, to the awareness of joy as akin to caressings of fluttering butterflies. But nonetheless, I suppose this sensitivity is more a gift than a curse. At least it makes me sit and wonder, which affords me opportunities to marvel at momentary discoveries.

Discoveries which seem disheartening when shared with matter-of-fact individuals who can and will gladly marvel right along with you in your communion of wonderment, remarking, "Yes, many times the student of life, or of college will encounter much that surpasses the earthly journey, or scholastic process."

Therefore, I feel sadness for those that miss such romanticism of a soul journey.

Occasionally, I feel as though I came from another place in time; either too early or too late, I have yet to know. But I am quite aware that I seem to be forever asking questions, forever seeking that which cannot be adequately defined. Sometimes it is quite frustrating but not necessarily disheartening. As generally, I feel as though from the Arthurian legends, especially T. H. White's "The Once and Future King," I have somehow acquired King Pellinore's "questing beast." However, in this case, metaphorically, a questing beast of endless questions.

Oh, how that beast is mystifying.

Perpetuating question after question with some I can only feel or sense, yet know not how to express. However, those very questions when they do surface are often comprised of either a "what" or a "why?" For example, Why is it so hard for one to simply forsake the "Why" and forget the "What," and just in simplicity-"Be."

Perhaps, it is the problem inherent of being human. Then again, the answer could be multiple, prismatic.

As always, my philosophy is one that there exists no question that cannot be answered. It may be fragmentary but somehow life seemingly is constructed out of bits and pieces.

Bits and pieces put together from within one's self as well as from beyond, comprised of an earthly trinity of people, experiences, and books.

Books from which I have found illumination, although I may not be in total agreement with the authors, such as: *The Hazards of Being Male: Surviving the Myth of Masculine Privilege* by Herb Goldberg; *Some Men Are More Perfect Than Others: A Book About Men and Hence About Women, And Love And Dreams* by Merle Shain; *Risking* by David Viscott; and especially, *Passages* by Gail Sheehy plus other books too numerous to mention.

Concludingly, dear reader, beyond our ontological sense, life is indeed filled with many gifts. Hence, the one gift I like best but in truth we all occasionally forget, is the one of open and honest sharing. So, I thank you for sharing your reading time with me.

Sincerely,

G. Dunbar Moomaw

2-D Art Endorsed

To the Editor,

This semester has been an emotionally trying one. And I suppose, dear reader, it has been one for you as well. But speaking strictly for myself, in earlier weeks which are still a part of my memory I felt I had experienced more tumultuous feelings of being up and down than King's Dominion has amusements.

Anyhow, thank God for 2-D Art Design! For not only have I found it to be thought-provoking fun but at times emotionally painful as well. Painful, that is, as weight-lifting is painful. Hence, I dub this course as a class in Visual weight-lifting.

Perhaps, all college courses are suppose to teach or reveal to the student something that the student does not know about himself or herself. Hence, I believe this art class is more ontological for those persons willing to be sensitive to the process of acquiring a new language.

Finally, I have learned that art is thinking. Art is emotional. And although art can be spiritual, I sense that art at best is sensual in nature.

Sincerely,

G. Dunbar Moomaw

A student withdrew from the college under accusations of an Honor Violation. The charge was cheating.

The Honor Council

Mortar Board Thanked

To The Editor,

The Rappahannock Council on Domestic Violence appreciates the boxes of food collected for The Haven by Mortar Board. Through this campus organization's efforts enough food and money was collected to stock The Haven's pantry until spring. And, of course, the goods were just in time to assure that our residents did not lack for a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner.

Families arrive at The Haven during a time of crisis in their lives. Frequently, they arrive with only the bare necessities, having no time to gather possessions. Knowing that there is food eliminates some of the worry in their lives.

Continuing support from organizations such as Mortar Board enables RCDV to better serve the people who come to us as victims of domestic violence.

Sincerely,

Jean Newman
Executive Director

announcementsannouncements

"Biological Carcinogenesis" will be the topic of Dr. Larry Arthur's lecture on Tuesday, December 6 at 4 p.m. in Combs 100.

Class Council is sponsoring its annual Christmas Bazaar on Wednesday, December 7 from 4 p.m. until 9 p.m. in the Lee Hall Ballroom.

The Creature from the Black Lagoon will be shown in Dod Auditorium on Tuesday, December 6 at 7:30 p.m. Admission is \$.50 for glasses and movie.

La Table Francaise - eat dinner and practice your French at the same time on Wednesday at 4:30 p.m. in the Green Room, Seacobeck. Sponsored by Le Cercle Francais.

On Wednesday evening, December 7, the Fredericksburg Singers will present a concert of Christmas music at St. George's Episcopal Church at the corner of George and Prince Edward Streets. The concert will begin at 7:30 p.m. It is free and open to the public.

The Coming of Christ, a 23-minute film will be presented by Belmont, The Gari Melchers Memorial Gallery on Wednesday, December 7, at 8 p.m. The film is free and open to the public.

Attention: ALL loans outstanding from the Student Association loan program are due by Thursday, December 8. Hours are 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. in 301A ACL. Any loan not paid at that time will be added to the student's account in G.W. If there is a problem call Sheila Brady at ext. 4308.

French Conversation in the French House (Brent) on Thursday, December 8 at 6 p.m. Sponsored by Le Cercle Francais and La Maison Francaise.

The Alumni Association has a boutique at Trench Hill which is open daily from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. As Christmas comes, there are many articles that would make lovely gifts. Be sure to visit the Trench Hill Boutique.

Belmont will open its doors to the public on the evenings of December 13 and 14 from 7 to 9 p.m. with a candlelight tour of the house and studio of the famous American artist, Gari Melchers. Guests will have the opportunity to view the festively decorated interiors with a background of Christmas music performed by a brass quintet. Refreshments will also be served. The candlelight tour is free and open to the public.

A Speakers Bureau has been set up by Mary Washington College. Clubs and organizations that feature speakers as part of their meetings will be able to draw upon the Bureau for a wide variety of speakers and topics. For a brochure listing all speakers and topics, Contact the Office of Public Relations, 899-4083 and ask for Mrs. Watson, or write to the Office of Public Relations, George Washington Hall, Room 11, Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, VA 22401.

This is the last issue of The Bullet for the fall semester. We will be looking for additional writers and typesetters in January, so keep Jan. 19 open for our re-organizational meeting. Time and place will be announced later.

Anyone interested in the position of Sports Editor for The Bullet should submit their applications/resumes to ACL 304.

Profs Study Chimps

by LIESL COCHENNOUR

Have you ever wondered what professors do during the summer? Maybe teach or take classes themselves? How about searching for animal tongues? That's how Professors Bill Kemp and Roy Smith, and their wives, Mary Kemp and Stephanie Smith, spent this past summer.

It started as a discussion during the two years Smith and Kemp taught Writing Workshop together, a course designed to help students use language to organize thoughts. Smith explained, "We began arguing 'What are we teaching?' 'What is a language?'"

During the summer of 1982, the professors began research for an answer to their question and for background materials for a graduate course they are teaching next fall: "From Speaking Act to Natural Word: the Nature and Function of Language."

The focal problem in the question, "What is language?" became "Is language uniquely human?" A lot of research has been done on teaching chimps language, but the literature is contradictory and Smith and Kemp didn't know what to believe. The solution was to visit the major research labs to find out for themselves. So they did.

For five and a-half weeks the two

couples went across country in Matilda, a motor home. They began at the Primate Research Center in Atlanta, Ga.; continued to Reno, Nevada to visit Allen and Trixie Gardner who experimented on teaching American Sign Language to chimps; then to San Francisco; to Central Washington State University; to Bloomington, Ind. and Smith visited the University of Tennessee.

For each stop Smith and Kemp had a uniform set of questions which allowed them to judge the labs and investigators on an equal level. The questions covered the background of the research and tried to uncover what has been learned about language, chimps, and humans. Kemp said, "We wanted an unedited view of how the investigator's mind works."

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Kemp were very helpful in the interviews. Kemp explained, "Besides taping and taking pictures, they put on dumb acts and could ask nasty questions, revealing facts the investigators wouldn't have admitted to us. That is what allowed us to find out how their minds really worked." And what did they find out?

According to Smith, "The primates are using signs. They have learned an arbitrary signal system which they initiate to manipulate their environment." Kemp agreed, "The chimps are bright. They are capable of using a wide range of

signal devices to get humans to do things." He continued, "Chimps have no use for language; they have not learned it."

"They sign in context. They don't talk to me about Chomsky, and I don't talk to Orangutans about bamboo shoots. If you believe language is words, they have language. But if you believe language is rules, they don't have language. Primates don't do with words what humans do. Humans use language to shape thought," Smith said.

So, did the search pay off? Smith believes he can now make better sense of the literature and has the information to teach the graduate course. He comments, "Students should consider getting involved in first-hand research. It's fun."

But what was the funniest part of the trip? "Have you ever heard of 'East of Jesus?'" Smith began. "That's the middle of nowhere referred to as Cherry Creek, Texas, which consists of a gas station. That is where Matilda (their camper in which the group travelled) decided to self-destruct." Kemp continues, "Seven at night... Matilda won't start... the owner tells us he is closing shop and 'You can't leave that there'... we all just started laughing." Smith concluded, "We had to have it towed 50 miles... in retrospect, it's funny."

Urgent Message For Concerned Virginians

The number one killer of Virginia's youth is highway crashes.

Drinking and driving is a major factor.

Each year young people represent half of all drivers involved in Virginia's alcohol-related fatal crashes.



Warner Speaks on Writing

by SUSAN LOYD

On Monday, November 28, Pulitzer Prize winner, William W. Warner presented his lecture entitled "Problems in Non-Fiction Writing". Warner was sponsored by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Mary Washington College.

Warner, who won the Pulitzer for general non-fiction for his work *Beautiful Swimmers-Watermen, Crabs and the Chesapeake Bay*, is also the author of the soon to be published *Distant Water: The Fate of the North Atlantic Fisherman*. Warner has been associated with the Smithsonian Institution for the past 20 years, and is currently a consultant to the office of the Secretary at the institute.

Warner began his lecture by addressing the problem of fact vs. fancy in non-fiction writing. He said, in order to produce good non-fiction, a writer must utilize both factual information and imagination, without sacrificing one for the other. "It is important that you get facts and accurate information . . . there is nothing worse than being called to task," stated Warner. "Yet you must also provide some interpretation of all you've written. You must present facts with imagination...if not, the reader will be bored stiff," he added.

The importance of creating a balance between fact and imagination is a second point which Warner stressed. He cited as an example a

book which discusses the Atlantic Coast.

The book describes the "majestic fragility of the Atlantic Barrier Islands" according to Warner, by "taking you down the beach, telling you how sand is formed...Then for what reason, I don't know, the author has little interrupting chapters."

By introducing chapters on subjects such as beach nudity and seaside home names, the author

...get the subject out there and hook the reader...

assaults the reader. "Either you're going to write a humorous book or stick to a scientific book," stated Warner, "you must keep a balance."

Concerning introductions, Warner suggested that a writer "get the subject out there and hook the reader." It is important, especially when writing works which are short in length, that the writer create introductions which are not overloaded with fact. In longer works, however, the writer has more room

for lengthy introductions, he explained.

Warner also addressed the area of planning and outline writing. "I always hated those assignments in school when a teacher said give me an outline only," he stated, "maybe teachers shouldn't do that. I always throw outlines away and don't follow them," he added. Warner stressed that sometimes emotion and impulse are good instincts to follow. "As long as your little digression contributes to the main theme, you're all right," he added.

Warner also stated the importance of writing in a way that comes naturally. "I believe with all my soul that the worst possible thing you can do is slant your writing for a particular person or publication," he said, "we all have our own individual voices."

When writing non-fiction, Warner stated that it is also important to keep matters as simple as you can. Warner explained that college catalogs are perfect examples of over-blown writing. He proved his point by reading various course descriptions from the Georgetown University catalog, which the audience found quite humorous.

Warner ended his lecture by stating that a writer should end his or her work "on an upbeat note" and not "belabor the reader with too much fact." Following the lecture, there was an informal reception in Monroe 106.

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Ornaments Brighten 75th

by KIRSTEN BROWN and
DEONA HOUFF

When one attends meetings, lectures and concerts in Dodd Auditorium, he or she may notice the school seal or perhaps the window patterns. One aspect generally not noticed is the design of the light fixtures. However, Janelle O'Malley of the Historic Fredericksburg Foundation, Inc. did notice the design. It was used to produce the Foundation's fourth annual Christmas ornament, which this year commemorates the 75th anniversary of Mary Washington College.

The ornaments, crafted by Colonel Pelham Felder, of The Pewter Shop, and his assistant, Tammy Lee Cochran, are made of polished pewter. There is a limited edition of 500, and each ornament is signed, dated and numbered.

O'Malley, who chairs the fundraiser, said the Foundation has already sold 200 ornaments. The project has gained more attention each year, and this year the Foundation has taken orders from all over the U.S. Many people request a certain numbered ornament.

Past ornaments have been designed from the Foundations seal, from an 1890 manhole cover found in Historic Fredericksburg and from transoms of the front doors of the

Fredericksburg Baptist Church. After looking for ideas all over campus, O'Malley settled on the Dodd lights, which she says, are beautiful.

Ornaments are available at the Kenmore Gift Shop, Carley's, The Pewter Shop, The Historic Fredericksburg Foundation Inc. Office and Flowers by Ross. In a special effort to involve the college, an ornament is on display in the bookstore, where they can be ordered for \$16.64 until December 9. They can be picked up at the bookstore from December 13-16.

Because the Foundation is a non-profit organization half of its cost can be a tax deduction. Un-numbered seal and manhole ornaments are also available by order.

Tour Kicks Off Holiday Season

By ELLEN MOSES

On the first Sunday of December, a chosen group of homes in the historic district of Fredericksburg come alive with beautiful and creative decorations for the Christmas season, for the Historic Fredericksburg Foundation's annual Christmas Candlelight tour.

This year the 13th annual tour included two homes on Caroline Street, four on Sophia Street and one on Fauquier Street. The Rising Sun Tavern was also included on the tour. Each of the privately owned homes opened their doors to the public for viewing of the elaborate holiday decorations provided and arranged by the Historic Fredericksburg Foundation's Junior Board.

Aside from these beautiful decorations, each house presented its

visitors with its own bit of history. For example, the home on 1513 Caroline Street was built in 1870 by a former Confederate soldier and features most of the original flooring; 1218 Sophia Street was the site of the first Mary Washington Hospital built in 1899—the cornerstone of that original structure still stands in the building. 1412 Sophia Street is a house filled with antique furniture.

The Candlelight Tour is always self-guided, as all of the open homes are within walking distance of each other. One has simply to follow the candles outlining a path down the streets from house to house, thus the name "Candlelight Tour."

This year's tour was held from 2-8 p.m. One ticket price entitled access to all of the homes on the tour, plus a viewing of various entertainment going on in a blocked-off section of the

tour. Ticket prices ranged from five to eight dollars with all proceeds going to the Historic Fredericksburg Foundation. The annual Christmas Candlelight tour is the Foundation's biggest fund raiser of the year, with all funds used toward restoration projects involving the historical district of Downtown Fredericksburg.

As a side attraction of the weekend, the Center for Historic Preservation of Mary Washington College presented its third annual "Christmas with all the Trimmings" on the Saturday before the Tour.

The program included a performance of traditional Christmas music by the College Chorus and workshops on the preparation of authentic, historic decorations, and Seasonal food and drink.

Do look for the Candlelight tour next year at this same time. It's an event worth seeing.



Photo by Mark Bentley

Marshall resident David Quick makes a kill in the Assassination Game.

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Winner of The Bullet's Christmas Story Contest

Christmas Eve: 1983

by BRUCE VAN HORN

Christmas Eve: There's ice in the gutters from last night's rainfall, but no snow on the ground. I can't remember the last time we actually had a white Christmas here in Virginia. I've gotten used to Southern, damp, chilly, green Christmases. But I don't think I'll ever get used to the way I always feel come mid-December.

You see, for some reason, I always get depressed when shop windows become filled with toys and red and white decorations; when homes are warmed by cozy fires, and the smell of fresh-baked bread lingers in hallways and kitchens. When everyone else is getting cheerful and excited about the coming holiday, I get quiet, withdrawn, and pensive.

I always remember one Christmas about ten years ago. We lived in Ohio. My brother, Mark, and I spent the day before Christmas playing one-on-one football in the snow—there was always snow for Christmas in Ohio. We had so much fun together back then.

I'd tackle him and he'd throw snow in my face while we'd both laugh 'til Mom would call us in. Cold and thirsty, we went inside and pulled each other's frozen boots off while Mom poured hot chocolate into mugs for us.

I remember that she was quiet that day, which was strange for her on Christmas Eve. Mark was pulling the snow out of the cuffs in his jeans and throwing the clumps at me, but I didn't care.

"Is something wrong, Mommy?" I asked. "Did you see us playing? I scored four touchdowns; Mark only scored three." She just stirred her coffee and watched us with a proud, but sad smile.

"Where did Dad go?"

"I'm not sure, honey, he didn't tell me. But don't you worry, Daddy will be home before you know it," she said with doubtful enthusiasm.

But he wasn't.

When she put us to bed at nine he still wasn't home. Mark and I went to bed thinking of the fun we were going to have opening presents in the morning, and also knowing that something was wrong. Christmas morning came before we knew it, though.

I had almost forgotten about last night until we ran in to my parent's bedroom to wake

them up like we did every Christmas. Mom was already awake. Her eyes looked red and tired from the tears she had cried hours before.

The presents were cluttered around the tree as usual and our stockings were stuffed and hanging from the mantle. Mom sorted out the presents from Santa Claus and various relatives and took pictures as we tore them open with strained excitement. I tried to act as happy as I could. Mark was quiet. We were too young to understand why there weren't any presents for Dad—maybe Mom was saving them until he got back home.

After two days of unusual silence, Mom took Mark and I aside from our games. She told us in rather sober tones that Daddy had moved away and wasn't coming back. She said that he had wanted to say goodbye to us because he still loved us, but thought that it would be easier this way.

Then she wiped a tear from her eye, forced a smile, and said we would make the best of it, we would be the Three Musketeers—all for one, one for all. Mark was quiet and didn't want to play anymore. I cried quietly to myself. We both aged a couple of years that day.

Over ten years have past since that Christmas.

Ten years. Ten years of wondering why our father left us. This past year I've been so caught up in my school work that I almost forgot about him. Now it's Christmas Eve again and I'm not sure what to do. I got a letter from him this morning. I felt a stab in my side when I saw the return address—I didn't want to remember. I carefully opened the envelope and stared at the short, handwritten paragraph. I've read it ten times—once for every year, I guess—but I still can't believe it. He asked if he could see me for a few minutes tomorrow—Christmas day. He says he has something for me.

What could he have for me? Maybe the presents he wasn't strong enough to give ten years ago. Maybe to apologize. Maybe to see how much I've grown over the years, how much I look and talk just like him. Maybe to say he loves me. Maybe...

I won't turn him away. I can't. He's still my father, even after all these years. I won't ask why. I don't want to know—it doesn't matter now.

I've been waiting for half of my life to see my father again—to spend Christmas with him again. I don't know what I'll say, but I think tomorrow will be the happiest Christmas, for us both, in ten years.

Fresh Bonds in a Boiled America

by ANNE SAVOCA

*"'Twas' the night before Christmas, and all through the bus
Not a creature was laughing, what was the fuss?
The free birds were boiled by the chimney with care
In hopes that Casinos still would be there."*

Gas bombs? Gas bombs always seem to take a little out of the beauty of Christmas, at least for me. By Gas bombs I refer to the Paul Newman-sized, lead hunks of snow which are tainted by gas and oil and can be seen on roadways and in parking lots everywhere after a hunky-sized snow storm in the middle of winter. On Christmas Eve, I counted gas bombs while in a Greyhound bus with a man who complimented my sweater by saying he could see it on singer-musician Elvis Costello. Gas bombs always remind me of that Christmas Eve on the Greyhound bus, headed for Atlantic City, with the fabulous flatterer, a man I met when he was a boy, whom I took to calling "Coont" for no particular reason at all.

It wasn't snowing when we boarded the bus at the Hilton hotel in a suburban Northern Virginia location. Another Christmas in Virginia when you wondered if you might have to turn the air conditioner on once the turkey was in the oven, and Granny decided she had to see a fire in the fireplace so she could recall past fires long ago. The day was soggy grey and, at least, looked cold. Some compensation? None at all.

Going to Atlantic City was spontaneous, exciting, and different like the Coont himself. I had these different feelings for the Coont that day. It was that nauseating feeling of different, but I didn't worry about it: I am stronger than borax and open to anything. While I counted gas bombs, the Coont read about the life struggles of General Douglas MacArthur. He had some trouble sitting still for a very long time, always bends his head in ways that make him look like a lughead or a wrench. You would have thought he had a gas bomb in his pants that day the way he changed positions every two to three minutes.

Going to Atlantic City on Christmas Eve, I believed, was the all American way to go (at least for that day). Spending 100 dollars to win 500 dollars—money, money and more things, things, things for all at Christmas. Joy for All. Yes, Greyhound and the all American Way to Go.

Until—the bus broke down. The Coont said he had seen a lot of green smoke coming from the front of the bus, and that he had heard a fierce clicking noise. But green smoke? Besides, he was always hearing fierce clicking noises of some sort. I took it as just one of his gooney jokes—laced with spastic gloom. Yet, the truth was the bus was dead.

As soon as we knew the bus was down, the woman with the purple hair sitting next to the Coont offered us a package of peanut butter crackers. I guess she thought it would help us cope better with the breakdown of the bus, or serve as her repentance to God in case she never made it to mass for Christmas. They were stale. Stuck on the New Jersey Turnpike, on a day that looked like wet ashes, the driver asked us all to remain patient. A wrong move made. Hysteria and Hysterical.

The 62-year-old woman, behind us one seat, had immediate reaction to the word "patient". She suddenly believed that she had forgotten to put her bird back into her cage and convinced herself that she had left a full pot of boiling water on the stove. Her recurrent nightmare, she told the entire front section of the bus, was that her only baby, Dotty, would fly right into the boiling water one day. However, she had only a one room apartment, she went on and on, and birds need their space as much as people. The poor woman believed her bird was now a boiled bird. I laughed quietly and so did the Coont. A man in the front seat did no laughing. He told her to take one of his valiums and shut the hell up.

In a seat diagonal from the Coont, a woman from Silver Spring, Md. announced that she had to be home for Christmas because no one else in the family could cook. She hoped it was not just that the bus had run out of gas. Common mistake? She thought so, but she also believed that if her husband cooked the turkey the whole family would be dead within a few hours.

The widow next to her declared that if buses were breaking down so easily, planes must be even worse. Logical reasoning. No matter how much money she made in Atlantic City, she declared she would cancel her after Christmas trip to Finland. The Coont and I looked for broken down planes along the New Jersey Turnpike. Not one was to be found.

The bus had one of those nearly-a-Don's-Jon (why isn't it ever Donna's Jon) bathrooms on it, and I was happy about that little bonus. The day stayed gray, but I remained very attached to it. It stopped just looking cold and got cold. We never made it to Atlantic City. I didn't mind. The Coont and I decided to use our Atlantic City mad money on a cuisine of boiled bird at some chic restaurant. And, I came to realize that day that I had much more than platonic feelings for the fabulous flatterer of a man I called Coont, a man who I had known exclusively as a friend for five years. With him, I realized I could live in a Donna's Jon on the New Jersey turnpike, surrounded by gas bombs, living solely off stale peanut butter crackers, and I would not grow tired. Gas bombs melt and come again, but I would stay forever fresh with the Coont in my life.

Mrs. Claus Is Coming to Town

by JACQUELINE CAROLAN

Claus paced back and forth and wrung her hands. She came home teary-eyed again. He left there with a few dolls, books, a spring in his step, a smile on his face, and he was all set to make children happy. Now he slouches and his eyes are all red. He still tries to pretend that everything is all right. I think it's time he took a break. After all, everyone else gets to go to places they dream about. I wonder if people notice if he took a year of two off... Little children used to be so good at Christmas time that so that Santa Claus would leave candy, not coal, in their stockings. They believed in him. Now he's going the way of that poor fellow from Bethlehem. No more stockings hung up for twelve months a year, he sits at his window and looks for good girls and boys. Do they still believe in him? No. All they say is 'gimme gimme gimme.' Kris waits for the one night when he actually participate in life—not just a character in a storybook. If a few more people lose faith in him, he is finished. What can I do? This piece of ice we call home will break off, float away, and swirl on eternally. I wish I could make those people realize that they are killing off the few things left to be passionate about—one of the few stabilizers left in this time of disillusionment and cynicism. I'd like to see if I can do something. Rudolph and the trainee, must be hitched up immediately. I'll need a map for guidance and a few puppets to play along as gifts. After all, I'm still Mrs. Santa, and I mustn't let down my public. "Kris, do you have the key?" "Sorry, dear, I have no answers." "No, no, the key to the sleigh. Never mind. Here it is." Mrs. Claus sailed over the globe to a city on the East coast of the U.S.A. She was surprised

to see that there weren't any chimneys in the area. She double-parked on a hotel roof and took the stairs down. In the hallway, she met a small boy. "Hello, child. Would you like a toy?" "My mother told me never to take things from strange ladies, so you better go away!" With that, the child went into a nearby room. "Funny how puppetry is no longer popular... I guess there are enough live ones running around to keep the world amused." Mrs. Claus followed the boy and was confronted by the glare of a T.V. set. Piles of computer software were illuminated by the eerie light. There wasn't one real toy in the room. Mrs. Claus hastily retreated after watching T.V. for a few minutes. "No wonder children are losing faith in fairy tales. They have all they can think of already, and T.V. is pushing robots, sex, and violence. There weren't any books in that apartment!" She went a phone and called home, collect. "There is no one listed at that number, ma'am." "There must be some mistake. I live there, and so does my husband!" "I'm sorry, ma'am. There is no one listed at that number." Dropping the phone, she hurried up the stairs to the rooftop. To her horror, only snow could be seen. Rudolph and Gustav had vanished. There was nothing. Mrs. Claus ran, panicking, in widening circles. She couldn't hear the people calling to her from the stairwell. Suddenly, she had a vision of a child telling his parents that there was no Santa Claus. "And there's no Mrs. Santa Claus, either!" Still not realizing what was happening, Mrs. Claus stepped off the roof into nothingness. She did not fall. She did not fly. As far as the world was concerned, she had never been. In a different time and place, she greeted her husband with a sad smile. The ice cracked around them as they floated on and waited for someone to say, "I believe in you."

What Christmas Means

Christmas means happy faces
full of smiles and lots of good cheer.
Christmas means visiting places
and letting lonely ones know that you care.
Christmas means the Angels on High
singing the praises of the newborn Lord.
Christmas means the star in the sky
leading the Wisemen to a land so far
Christmas means so much to us
as we gather with family, friends, and love.
Christmas means that the world is in peace
and that God is watching over us from Heaven above.

by CHERYL C. SHARMAN

DAVID MINOR

Remembering a Good Semester

*'Tis the week before exams
And all through the school
Some of us are studying
We are not fools*

*Some of us are partying
Knowing vacation is near
Toasting to Break
With another glass of beer*

number of students, themes and entertainment have been emphasized. The Pub also has more appeal with the increase of dancing and the decrease of heavy drinking.

Finally, the willingness of the students, through their clubs and organizations to plan and execute the entertainment, has played a large part in its success.

The bottom line, however, is the students who patronize these events. While enjoying themselves, they are also enhancing the atmosphere of the event.

This campus, though not as diverse as that of a larger school, does have a few different styles competing for attention. The campus seems to serve these diverse interests well. The styles of music in live entertainment do not cater to one crowd or another continuously, but there is variance in live entertainment.

I am not talking about the diversity that exists between two genres of rock music, for example the Dead Kennedys and Billy Joel. I'm talking classical (The College Community Orchestra, the Fredericksburg Singers and MWC Chorus), jazz (the MWC jazz ensemble), folk (the coffee houses), and of course rock and roll (the Pub and dances).

Basically, Mary Wash doesn't do badly for a small school. It doesn't please all of the people all of the time, but what does? The credit for the improvement of our fair campus must lie equally with the student organizations and faculty alike. With a positive attitude, I predict further progress in the areas of diversity in social activities.

Predictions For 1984

et like everybody's favorite magazines that are found along the checkout counter at Giant. The also offers predictions for the coming year. Unlike the *National Enquirer* or the *Star* which only offer flimsy predictions about the future of Love Boat and Dynasty, *The Bulletin* provides predictions that will effect the daily lives of students and other members of the college community. Here are some fire bets for next year.

Paige Young will apply for admission to MWC and request to live in either of the two coed halls. He will defend this action by saying "If I can't beat them, join them."

maintenance department will get hold of a snow shovel and, importantly, learn how to use it.

Southworth, former biology professor, will use her experience as

Dean of Students to finish a major research project, concluding: "College students really aren't much different from other life forms I've studied."

With success of the *Men of MWC Calendars*, a bunch of similar ones will appear next year, including *The Virginia Virgins*, *The Hamlet Hunks* and of course, *The Framar Bitches*.

Dane Foust will be asked to resign his position at Jefferson Hall next semester, the reason—chronic alcoholism.

ARA will finally provide real service at Seacobeck.

Dr. Kramer will give out two A's next semester. The administration, thinking he has gone crazy, will have him committed.

President Anderson, wishing they all could be California girls, will resign

his present position in January and rejoin the Beach Boys.

The Bulletin will stop publishing in late March, but no one will notice.

Three female Honor Council members will be arrested for seducing James Monroe High School seniors.

In an effort to increase social activity on campus, the administration will begin publishing the names of students who have been found guilty of breaking visitation.

The Virginia state legislature, being concerned about the high number of 21-35 year olds arrested for drunk driving, will attempt to raise the beer drinking age to 20.

An outbreak of AIDS at MWC will be traced to one person—Wo-Man winner "Cuddles".

Admissions Club Promotes MWC

by KATHY McDONALD

"I think the Admissions Club serves an important purpose at Mary Washington because it not only acts as a representative of MWC, but has unity as a club as well," said club president Lynne Ballard.

The club promotes MWC in a number of ways, including giving tours and attending receptions. "The Admissions Office can rely on the club's 120 members to back them up in many aspects of the admissions process and this link has proved very effective," said Ballard.

Currently there are about 90 active tour guides who alternate the responsibility of the two tours given each day throughout the school year. "We work very closely with admissions concerning the tours because without reliable tour guides fewer prospective students would see MWC and ask questions about the college," said Ballard.

The Admissions Club will implement a new system for scheduling the tours this spring. Club members can volunteer to act as chairpersons to schedule all the tours and assign them to tour guides. "This way the

tours are scheduled in advance and if a student becomes unable to take a tour, he or she can find a replacement. We think this will make the tours run much smoother," said Ballard.

"The Admissions Club members also help spread the word about MWC by going back to their high schools and telling seniors about Mary Washington and what it offers," she said.

Another function of the Admissions Club is to attend receptions given by the Admissions Office to high school seniors from various regions who will be coming to MWC. The receptions give new students and their parents a chance to ask questions of both MWC students and administrators. In addition, the members of the club host prospective students overnight which gives them the opportunity to attend classes and become familiar with the campus. The services of the Admissions Club extend from calling high school seniors who are accepted to congratulating them as well as answering further questions.

To promote unity as a club, Admissions sponsors two or three socials each year. Former members and anyone interested in the club are encouraged to attend.

Censorship Discussed

by MARY SMITH

"Don't trust me to be your censor—nor any other person or group, unless you are willing to give up all claim to taste and discernment," said Paul Slayton, professor of education during the fifth and final lecture in the Guest and Lecture series.

Slayton's lecture, entitled "Censorship, the Present Threat to First Amendment Rights" was delivered to an audience of approximately 100 people in Monroe 104 on Monday, November 21.

Noting that most censors want to protect rather than harm, Slayton cited groups such as the Moral Majority and the Liberal CIBC, "whose goal it is to remove racism from our

literature", he said. He also noted persons such as Jerry Falwell and Ronald Reagan as censors and "would-be" censors.

On a more personal note, Slayton stated, "We at MWC stand accused in the press and indicted before the bar of public opinions as censors. We did suppress the artistic rendering of an idea."

"If we did this in obedience to a clear and present danger of breaking a duly promulgated legal statute, then we must make that fact known to all who accuse us and to the public who now brand us as censors," Slayton continued.

If we find that we would have incurred no legal liability from hanging Mary Cate Carroll's work, then

we must say loud and public to hear that we have been guilty of a serious breach of intellectual freedom and that we shall not do this sin no more," he added.

Earlier this year, Mary Carroll's painting "American Upside Down" was banned from the Alumni Art show on the grounds that it's subject matter, although it was too controversial.

Slayton has been a member of Mary Washington faculty since 1965. Presently he is the organizer of the Committee Against Censorship in Virginia, and a member of a group nationally which is sponsored by the National Council of the Arts of English.

Personals

To SB:

Go to the office on Wednesday 5:30 and you won't need to see Seacobeck.

Merry Christmas
Your Secret

BVH:

Thanks for seeing the clear sky and wanting to paint it black.

Otemm Burob (the

Nick, Heath, Jared!

Where's Audra!!! The barn fire, the barn's on fire!!

Kissed Bob recently, Mirm?

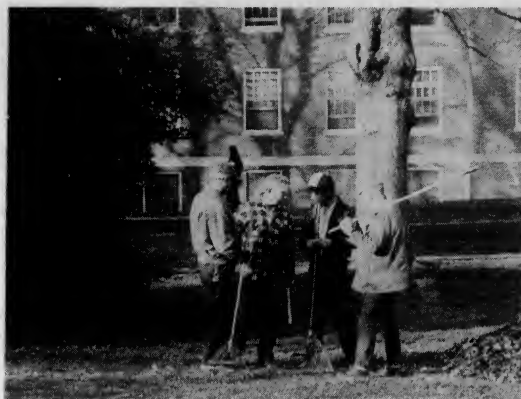


Photo by Mark Bentley

Well, I thought you knew where to put them!

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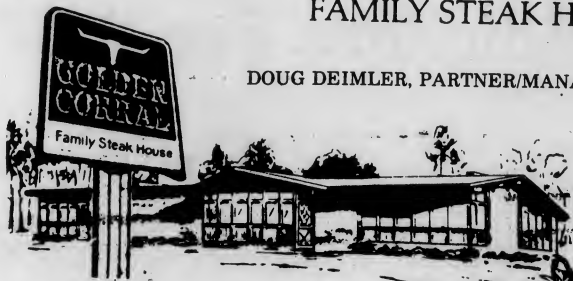
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Sports Roundup

Gilmore Breaks Record

By LIZ HOOD

Frank Gilmore broke Tim Money's MWC career scoring record, but Gilmore's 15-point performance wasn't enough as the Blue Tide fell to Roanoke College 92-76 on Saturday.

Gilmore, a senior center who already holds the career rebounding record, entered the game needing just one point to break Money's career mark of 1,220 points.

Tony Farris paced the Tide, now 4-3, with 25 points in the contest.

Bob Clayton missed two shots in the final seconds but sank a third when the ball came right back to him to give Johns Hopkins University a 69-67 victory over the Tide on Friday.

Farris scored 19 points to pace the Tide, which trailed by 13 points at halftime and 11 with eight minutes left to play. Tim Jones added 15 and Ron Kenney and Gilmore had 10 each.

On Thursday MWC had beaten Eastern Mennonite College 80-75 for its fourth straight win. Gilbert Fields had 18 points and Farris had 16.

Eastern College fell to the Tide 82-73 last Tuesday. Gilmore had 18 points and 12 rebounds, Farris added 18 points and Fields pitched in 17.

In a second half comeback, the Tide beat Lynchburg 76-63 on November 22 with Jones hitting for 13 points and Gilmore adding 10 points and 10 rebounds.

The Tide beat Shenandoah 83-46 on November 21. Gilmore had 20 points and 14 rebounds and Fields had 13 points and 8 rebounds.

MEN'S JV BASKETBALL

The Tide fell to Fork Union Military Academy 76-73 on Friday and topped Richard Bland College Nov. 22. Steve Whitefield had 16 points to lead the Tide past Richard Bland, and Anthony Reese and Cliff Anckaitis added 15 each.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

MWC's front line of Ruth Bonner, Trish Long and Melanie Taylor scored 49 points to lead MWC over Christopher Newport College 75-51 on Friday.

Bonner had 19 points and 23 rebounds, Long added 16 points and Taylor pitched in 14.

Coach Connie Gallahan kept her starters in until late in the game and later admitted she wanted MWC to win big because CNC coach Susan

Wathall was on the NCAA tournament selection committee which overlooked the 17-6 Tide last year. Gallahan added the CNC has beaten or played close to several strong teams already this year.

The Tide beat St. Mary's Nov. 30 73-44. Trish Long hauled in 16 rebounds, Ruth Bonner grabbed 14 rebounds and added 10 points and Melanie Taylor had 11 rebounds and 20 points to lead MWC. Both Taylor and Bonner had five assists.

The Tide missed four chances to tie in the last minute as they fell to Chowan College 75-73 on Nov. 21.

Long scored 20 points and grabbed 17 rebounds with Taylor and Bonner each adding 12 points for the Tide.

SWIM/DIVE

The Blue Tide women fell to American University 74-69 while the men lost 59-45.

Suzanne Sonnergren was a double winner and both Cathron Brooks (second, 2:46.5) and Katie Regan (third) broke the old Tide 200 breaststroke record.

Stan Smith set a new MWC men's 200 IM mark with 2:13.4 for first place and also broke the 200 freestyle with 2:00.37 for second place.

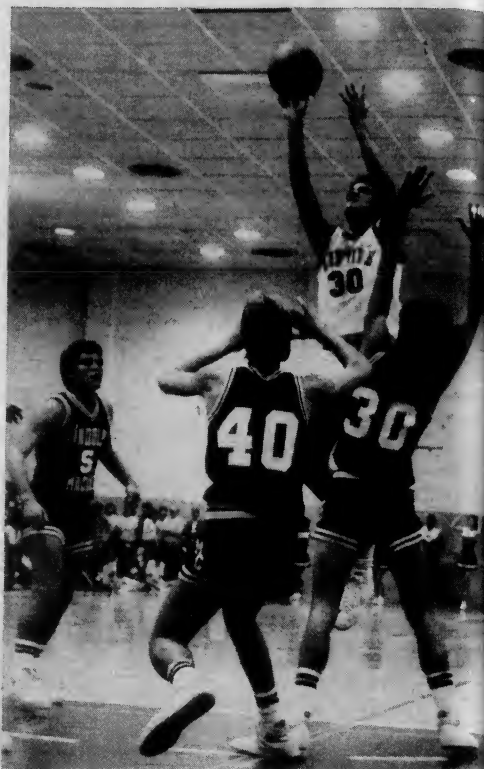


photo by Kim Holcomb

MWC's Tim Jones drives the lane on two Randolph-Macon defenders in Tide's season-opening 68-53 loss. The Tide won four consecutive games after the loss and now holds a 4-3 record.

Quotables

Pete Gent, former Dallas Cowboy turned writer, telling a rookie about coach Tom Landry's enormous playbook.
Don't bother reading it, kid. Everybody gets killed in the end.

Billy Martin:

When you're a professional, you come back, no matter what happened the day before.

Abe Lemons, University of Texas basketball coach.

You can say something to popes, kings, and presidents. But you can't talk to officials. In the next war, they ought to give everybody a whistle.

Football coach Forrest Gregg, when asked how his honeymoon was.

I don't know. I haven't seen the films yet.

Riding Team Ends Fall Season

By DEE PAULUS

The MWC riding team consists of 18 riders, each placed in a division according to riding ability and experience. There are five different divisions: Beginner, Advanced Beginner, Novice, Intermediate, and Open. Each class receives six ribbons with the point values ranging from seven to one. To move from one division to the next, a rider must accumulate 21 points. The points are accumulated from year to year except for the Open Horsemanship Division, where they start over each

year.

The riders are judged on their equitation and performance on the flat and over fences.

The first show was held by MWC at the Hazelwild Farm on October 29. Junior Lesley Ward won first place in her Novice over fences (O/F) class qualifying her for regionals in the Intermediate Division. Freshman Carol McElhaney placed second in her Intermediate O/F. Sophomore Kristi Woodward placed first in her beginner flat class.

The second show of the season was held at the University of Virginia on

November 11. Senior Carol McElhaney placed third in her Open flat class and second in Open O/F. Senior Wendy Wendt won third place in both of Intermediate flat and O/F class which qualified her for regionals in the Open Horsemanship Division. Also qualifying for regionals in Woodward by placing third in Beginning Equitation class. Greenwood won second place in Novice flat class.

The third show was held at Randolph Macon Women's College

see Riding, page 11

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Gilmore Pleasant Surprise

by VIC BRADSHAW

Frank Gilmore, life has been pleasant surprises.

He, the center for MWC's basketball team, has been the all-time leading rebounder some time now. But last year he added another milestone to his career here—he broke Tim Carter's scoring record of 1,000 points.

In high school Gilmore played for the Catholic League in Washington, D.C., one of the top leagues in the nation, and was a 15-13 team in scoring and rebounding his senior year. He played basketball at college and pro stars like Sidney Lowe, Derek Burg and Quentin Dailey.

He performed well enough his senior year to earn an invitation to play for the McDonald's Classic high school all-star team in Washington.

He was 16 or 17 players on the team in the tryout, and everyone in the first half but me," he remembers. "When I got in, I had 16 points and had 15 rebounds in 12 minutes and made the game I was the only white player on my team. Some friends of

mine were sitting behind the bench and started yelling, 'Put the white boy in!' Finally I went in, and the first play I was involved in I dove under the scorer's table to save the ball to Richard Mudd, who's now playing at Michigan, and he went down and dunked it."

Gilmore also remembers a game against Mackin his senior year, a game in which he went head up against high school All-American Cecil Rucker, who now plays for Notre Dame.

"A lot of college coaches were there to see Cecil, guys like Terry Holland and Lefty Driesell. (Mackin) should have beaten the crap out of us, but we won by five. I went 10-10 and scored like 32 or 33 points."

Gilmore almost never gave MWC a chance.

"Tom (Davies, MWC's coach) was the first coach to come up to me," Gilmore said, "and he said he was from Mary Washington and asked me if I'd like to play for him. I kind of glumly said, 'No,' so he left me alone."

"But I talked to my father, and he told me I'd be an okay Division III ballplayer and that I should look at a small school. Tom happened to call me back, and I said I'd come down

for a visit.

"Two minutes after I was here you could have had my name on paper. Everyone was just so nice to me. If I had it to do all over again I'd do exactly the same thing."

Competition came natural for Gilmore. His father has been a high school coach for years and his two older sisters are now high school coaches. Frank Sr. coached one of the top teams in the nation in the 1950's, Carroll High of Washington, and had among his players Georgetown coach John Thompson.

"My father's the only coach I've ever had," Gilmore says. "I never played for him, but I did play against him. He's had quite an influence on me."

Davies never realized Gilmore would be able to do what he's done here.

"I thought he'd step in and start, which he did," Davies said. "He made us a lot stronger inside. His presence in the middle is the rebounding key for us."

"I saw him play in the summer league in D.C. and saw him practice, and I wouldn't have expected him to do what he's done."

"I go back home now and people say, 'Damn, that's not the same player we saw in high school,'"

Gilmore says.

Gilmore, who has been ranked in the top ten in the nation in Division III rebounding the last two years, says that knowledge and aggressiveness is the key to his success against bigger men.

"I knew I didn't have the quickness and wasn't a great jumper," he said. "The only way I could be effective was to be smarter than them."

"I always had to play aggressive to have an advantage on the people I was playing against. In high school I just got tired of sitting there and saying, 'I'm outclassed again.'"

Gilmore said he thinks his rebounding record has a better chance of standing than his scoring record, but that none of the records are important as long as the team is winning.

"When I started here the attitude was more like we had the ability to be a good ballteam," Gilmore recalls. "But some things were lacking, like confidence and team play."

"But now we go into games thinking, 'Yep, we're going to win another one.' We go in as a good, confident team."

When Gilmore first came to MWC, the Tide's best record for a season had been 6-20. Now they're shooting for more than 20 wins and a postseason berth of some sort.

"It's a good attitude to have," he says. "A winning season is not good enough for us anymore."

Quotables

Paul Horning.

Never get married in the morning, 'cause you never know who you'll meet that night.

Max Baer, after losing his heavyweight championship to Jimmy Braddock.

Braddock can use the title. He has five kids. I don't know how many I have.

Grantland Rice, dean of American sportswriters, upon being asked by a cub reporter, "Isn't that the sun setting over there in the West?"

If it isn't, son, you've got one helluva scoop.

Mike Hegan, Seattle Pilot catcher, in answer to a club questionnaire that asked, "What is the toughest thing about being a baseball player?"

The toughest thing about being a baseball player is trying to explain to your wife why she needs a penicillin shot for your kidney infection.

Jim Crowley, one of the famed Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, when found off campus minutes before curfew by a priest.

I don't think I can make it, father. Not against this wind.

C Soccer Players Chosen

VISA All-Star Game

MWC sophomore soccer players have been named to the East Division of the Virginia Intercollegiate Association All-Star game. The game was scheduled to be played yesterday at Hampden College after THE BULLET went to press.

Bill Lohr and Don

Eckenrode, halfback Shawn Carson and fullback Chris Hamil were the Tide players selected for the contest.

MWC won the VISA East Division championship and finished second to Randolph-Macon College in the league championship game. The Tide was 7-10-3 on the season.

Riding

from page 10

intermediate rider Jennifer Hammond placed third on the flat and fifth O/F. Senior Cornelia Szel placed second in her Novice flat class, qualifying her for regionals in the Intermediate division. Amy Groth placed third in her Novice class to qualify her for regionals in the Intermediate division.

Team coach Joanna Burk is very pleased with the team's performance.

Correction

The story on the women's cross country team in the last issue of

THE BULLET contained two errors.

The team was making its third trip to the national meet in four years, not its second ever. Also MWC has never finished last in the meet.

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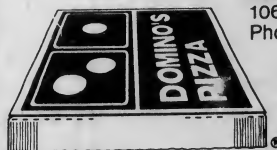
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